

The Highland Weekly News.

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Poetry.

From the Spanish of Juan Rios de Hita.
LITTLE WOMEN.

In a little precious stone what splendor meets the eye?
In a little lump of sugar how much of sweetness lies?
In a little woman how grows and multiplies:
You recollect the proverb says—"A word un-
to the wise."
A paper-corn is very small, but seasons every dinner.
More than all other condiments alioh' 'tis
sprinkled dinner.
Just so a little woman is, if love will let you
win her.
There's not a joy in all the world you will not
find within her.
As within the little rose you find the richest dye,
And in a little grain of gold much price and
value lies.
As from a little beam much odor darts arise,
So in a little woman there's a taste of Paradise.
The skylark and the nightingale, though
small and light-winged,
Yet warble sweeter in the grove than all the
birds that sing;
And so a little woman, though a very little
thing,
Is sweeter far than sugar, and flowers that
bloom in spring!

The Home Circle.

TO A LADY.

Too late I stayed, forgive the crime;
Unheeded long the hours
How noiseless falls the foot of time,
That only trends on flowers.
What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of the glass,
When all the sounds are diamond sparks
That dabble as they pass.
Aid, who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage to his wings?
—SHERIDAN.

THE BASHFUL MAN.—Washington Irving, at a party in England, one day playfully asserted, that the love of an unobtrusive which the Anglo-Saxon race displayed on every occasion, proceeded probably from its *mauvaise honte* rather than its *pruderie*. As a proof he cited the story of a bashful friend of his, who, being asked to a dinner party, sat down to the table next to the hostess in a great state of excitement, owing to his reclusive life. A few glasses of wine mounting to his brain, completed his confusion, and dissipated the small remains of presence of mind. Casting his eyes down he saw on his lap some white linen. "My heavens!" thought he, "that's my shirt protruding at my waistband!" He immediately commenced to tuck in the offending portion of his dress, but the more he tucked in, the more there seemed to remain. At last he made a desperate effort, when a sudden crash, and a scream from the company brought him to his senses. He had been all the time stuffing the table-cloth into his breeches, and the last time had swept every thing clean off the table. Thus our bashful friend annexed a table-cloth, thinking it the tail of his own shirt.

PHILOPENA.—A correspondent of the Taunton Gazette writes from Berlin the following account of the game as practised among the Germans: "Here, when a couple exchange philopenas, the object of each is not mainly to pronounce the common word at their next meeting, but with the exchange object is to draw the other into accepting some offer, and if that is done, the philopena is spoken, and a forfeit required. To illustrate it better by example, A and B exchange philopenas at a party, and in a few days after, A calls upon B at his or her residence. A, instead of waiting to be asked in, enters just before the invitation; if offered a chair, takes a seat upon the sofa; if B presses the butter to A at the table, A takes cheese instead, and so on, always taking care to accept nothing, but in a quiet way endeavoring to force the other party into an acceptance of some offer on his own side. If at that visit either is successful, he immediately says 'philopena,' but if both be on their guard, the thing may pass on to a subsequent occasion. The reader will instantly see how preferable this method is to our own, where oftentimes there is a rude haste exhibited to be the first to speak, and where the person who has the least on his mind is generally successful.

THE FIRST QUAKER PEN.—Not long since a "Friend" who rejoiced in the name of Comfort, paid his devoirs to a young and attractive Quaker widow, named Rachel H. Either. Her griefs were too new, or her lover too old, or from other causes, her lover was declined, whereupon a Quaker friend remarked "that it was the first instance he had known where Rachel refused to be comforted." The anecdote is remarkable as having been the first Quaker pen on record.—*Singra News.*

A PROGRESSIVE SCENE.—A Dinner Table. Lady of the House to Waiter: "James, go to the kitchen and get some more of those fried oysters." James goes out and presently returns and whispers "Missus, I couldn't get no more oysters, there ain't no just enough left for the kitchen."

We find the following homely yet felicitous illustration of the plagues of idleness going the rounds of his plagues, but the dog that is hunting does not feel them.

Twelve Ways of Shortening Life.

1. Wearing thin shoes and cotton stockings on damp nights and in cool, rainy weather. Wearing inefficient clothing, and especially upon the limbs and extremities.

2. Leading a life of enfeebling, stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in an unusual state of excitement by reading trashy novels. Going to theaters, parties, and balls in all sorts of weather, in the thickest possible dress. Dancing till in a complete perspiration, and then going home without sufficient overgarments through the cool, damp air.

3. Sleeping on feather beds, in seven by nine bedrooms, without ventilation at the top of the windows, and especially with two or more persons in the same unventilated bedroom.

4. Surfeiting on hot and very stimulating dinners. Eating in a hurry, without masticating your food, and eating heartily before going to bed every night, when the mind and body are exhausted by the toils of the day and excitement of the evening.

5. Beginning in childhood on tea and coffee, and going from one step to another, through chewing, and smoking tobacco, and drinking intoxicating liquors, by personal abuse, and physical and mental excesses of every description.

6. Marrying in haste, and getting an uncongenial companion, and living the remainder of life in mental dissatisfaction. Cultivating jealousies and domestic broils, and being always in a mental ferment.

7. Keeping children quiet by giving paragonies and cordials; by teaching them to suck candy, and by supplying them with raisins, nuts, and rich cake. When they are sick, by giving them mercury, tartar emetic, and arsenic, under the mistaken notion that they are medicines, and not irritant poisons.

8. Allowing the love of gain to absorb our minds, so as to leave no time to attend to our health. Following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it.

9. Tempting the appetite with bitters and nectaries when the stomach says no, and by forcing food when nature does not demand and even rejects it. Gormandizing between meals.

10. Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing.—Giving way to fits of anger.

11. Being irregular in all our habits of sleeping and eating; going to bed at midnight, and getting up at noon. Eating too much and too many kinds of food, and that which is too highly seasoned.

12. Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves, and not applying early for medical advice when disease first appears. Taking celebrated quick medicines to a degree of making a drug-shop of the body.

The above causes produce more sickness, suffering, and death, than all the epidemics, malaria, and contagion, combined with war, pestilence, and famine. Nearly all who have attained to old age have been remarkable for equanimity of temper, correct habits of diet, drink and rest.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

INDUSTRIOUS HABITS OF OUR GREAT-EST AUTHORS.—It would go very far to destroy the absurd and pernicious association of genius and idleness, by a historical demonstration that the greatest poets, orators, statesmen and historians—men of the most brilliant and imposing talents, have actually labored as hard as the makers of doctrines and the arrangers of indexes; and that the most obvious reason why they have been superior to other men, is, that they have taken more pains than other men.

Gibbon was in his study every morning, winter or summer, at six o'clock; Burke was the most industrious and indefatigable of human beings; Leibnitz was never out of his library; Pascal killed himself by study; Cicero narrowly escaped death from the same cause; Milton was at his books with as much regularity as a merchant or attorney—he had mastered all the knowledge of his time; so had Homer. Raffaele lived but thirty-nine years, and in that short space of time he carried his art so far beyond what it had before reached, that he appears to stand alone as a model to his successors. There are instances to the contrary, but generally speaking, the lives of all great men have been the lives of intense and incessant labor.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Miscellaneous Enigma.
I am composed of 10 letters, and have a capital at an excitement among agriculturists: My 1, 6, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, is used by agriculturists; My 13, 14, 1, 2, 7, is often made by travelers and hunters.
My 8, 14, 10, 15, is a plant much used.
My 1, 2, 12, 13, 14, 15, men often do.
My 2, 7, 13, 14, 15, is sometimes made rich.
My 2, 7, 14, 4, 5, 8, 9, is the name of a town in Maine.
My whole is the name of a gentleman.
L.H. Penn Tp.

Miscellaneous Enigma.
I am composed of 15 letters:
My 1, 2, 3, 13, 15, 19, is the name of a sea in Palestine.
My 6, 5, 12, 13, 15, is the name of a gulf in Asia.
My 11, 1, 4, 7, 13, 15, 19, is the name of a river in South America.
My 10, 12, 13, 15, 11, 3, is the name of a bird.
My 3, 2, 9, 15, is the name of an animal.
My 13, 13, 15, is the nickname of a boy.
My 2, 7, 14, 4, 5, 8, 9, is the name of a town in Maine.
My whole is the name of a gentleman.
L.H. Penn Tp.

Answers to Enigma in last week's paper.
By "H. B.": "The Great Striding Earth." Answer to Enigma in same paper, by "W. E. U. S. & Co.": "The Hillsborough Saxa Horn Band." Answer to Geometrical Problem in same paper, by "Tom, Penn Tp.": "Twenty-five ft."

One of the many disadvantages of the present fashion is that it is so tight.
Sally: I'd press you to my heart,
But all such pressure you deary—
There's too much cotton, whalions, lace,
"Trove you and I.
I'd only make the dry goods up,
And make you blubber, pout and frown,
Beside, I might, oh, and noisance,
Break whalions down!

Farwell! [I] pray when next we meet,
And meet we may, if fashions change,
At least that we may come within
Gossiping range.

MAN JAMESON SAYS.—The broad of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sugar of life, poetry; the water of life, faith.

Hand us the bread and sugar, never mind the salt.

A Remarkable History.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
LONG LIFE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

On the twenty-second of August, fourteen hundred and eighty-five, a poor woman having started from the town of Leicester on the previous day, was pursuing her journey on foot, with a little boy of some two or three years of age strapped on her back, and a small bundle in a handkerchief in her hand. As they proceeded they were incommoded by the rapid marching of numerous bodies of men, all armed, and intent on some great business. In answer to her questions, a soldier would sometimes tell her to move on and hold her tongue; but once or twice a more civil respondent informed her there was a great fight toward, and that the pretender Richmond was marching to London, and King Richard was leading them to meet the invader. The woman had never heard of Richard or Richmond—there having been no political penny newspapers in those days—and went on without fear. When she came to a large and open field, she saw the armies drawn up in hostile array, and being afraid to force her way through, and too tired to take the necessary roundabout, she was fain to rest herself under a thorn-bush at one end of the plain.

Putting her little son upon his legs, and telling him not to move from her side, she watched the proceedings of the forces before her, without being able to imagine what they were doing, or what it was all about. At the end of a tremendous shouting and yelling, and shouting and hurraing, she saw a man very hot and red in the face, and she could not tell what, upon the thick-leaved bush under which she lay, and gazed on with all speed.

"Tommy," she said to the child, "what's that the gentlemen fling among the branches?"

"Odds bodikins!" babbled the child, "it's the fine hat o' St. Thomas from our church at home."

"Can they reach it, Tommy, dear?" "Yes, if they'll hould I up to it."

The woman cautiously rose, and raising the boy in her arms, was in the act of holding him forward to grasp the saint's hat, when a great berry of horsemen rode up. One leaped from his steed, impetuously dashed at the bush, upsetting the poor woman and her boy, and seized the glittering prize.

"The English crown, my lady!" he said, and kneeling as on one knee, offered it to a pale, saturnine-looking gentleman, who had dismounted from his horse.

The gentleman, however, smiled and said, "You know the place that fits it, Lord Stanley!" and bent his head as he spoke.

Lord Stanley put it over the surmount of the cavalier, and immediately a great shout was heard all over the field: "God save King Henry! God save the King!"

The woman, seeing what a treasure she had missed, began to exclaim: "Please remember me, O King, for it was my little Tommy that found that crown!"

"Did you, my little man?" said Henry, too happy to take offence at anything.

"I feelkin I did," replied the child, in its indistinct kind of prattle.

"Here, give him some money, some of you," said the generous and economical monarch, and several purses were instantly thrown into the woman's lap. The party were turning away.

"Another thing, may I please you," said the woman, "I've heard down in Shropshire that the King's touch cures them; now, Tommy be very bad, and can't live unless he be delivered—"

The King stroked the boy on the chin, half in sport, and said, "Do you want to be cured, my boy?"

"St. Duddleskins if I don't!" said Tommy; and the operation was complete.

The child, we have said, was not more than three years of age; but there were already deep marks upon his face, and indentations almost like wrinkles upon his brow. He looked prematurely old, and his saintly allusions and very decided way of speech gave further evidence that his modes of thought were greatly in advance of his years. He was very little, and was feeble on his legs. So, when the battle over, the mother strapped him again upon her back, and with light heart and heavy pocket, recommenced her journey to Shropshire. On first coming in sight of the Wrekin, so great was her delight that she suddenly paused and fell upon her knees. Tommy, who had climbed upon her shoulder, was precipitated over her head, and fell with great violence on the ground.

"Dread the child!" said the unfeeling parent; "there can't live to enjoy thy fortune, if these breaks thy bones in this guise. Get up, Tommy. Hast thou snuffed off thy other leg? for thy right one be scarce mended since the miller's dronkey kicked it in twain. 'At thee killed!' she cried in a louder voice, when Tommy lay quiet. 'Clean dead w' such a tumble as this—'

"The boy opened his eyes and said, 'By Peterkin, I think I be.' The woman gathered him up as if he had been a piece of broken crockery. 'Thou hast cracked thy two legs,' she said, 'and three of thy ribs; thou hast had measles that crooked thy back, and hooping cough, that wore out thy chest! thou hast King's evil, and art in a deep decline, and canst eat nothing, and never sleep o' nights. There can't live, Tommy.'

"Hold the tongue o' thee," replied the invalid. "By splutters of York, I won't die nother but in my little bed at home. So get thee on, whether, for I think I shall never survive the sun-down."

Tommy, however, did survive, and when twenty years were past, he had grown to his full height, which was not much, and was strong for so very delicate looking a person; and as his mother before her decease had pointed out to him the rather between which and the thistle she had hidden the ransom money of the English crown, he considered himself above the necessity of work, and indulged in complete idleness and independence. Being idle and independent, he did many foolish things; among the rest, he fell in love. A girl was coming through the church-yard with a pail of water on her head; a beautiful, fair-haired, light-colored girl—the ornament of the village. This was Tommy's sweetheart.

"Good evening, Susan Proddy," he said. "Fatherland! how sweet thou lookest; give me a kiss, Susan."

"Out o' my way, Tommy the idler," said Susan, stopping at his address. "What would such a dyming like apparition do w' a kiss if I gived ye one?"

"Would maybe keep me alive," replied Tommy, "for I've such a pain in the chest."

"Try a poultice," replied the fair physician, "a little brown paper and tar would be o' more use to such a ghost than ever a kiss o' mine."

"I think," said Tommy, "perhaps you're right. I really wish I could die for good, for nobody ever thinks I can live a year. Hark ye, Susan Proddy, I like thee so that I wish to make thee rich. If thou'll marry me, I promise to die within the twelve months, and thee shalt have all my coin."

"That be a good and tempting offer, Tommy," replied the girl, with a laugh. "I'll think on it. Clear the road, or I will souse thee with the water-can." And so saying, she brushed past the unfortunate wooer, and tripping gracefully over the stile, was lost to view.

"Doddleskins!" said Tommy, "if I could only hope to live a few years, but it is useless to hope it. I've had the jaundice and the small-pox, and the sweating sickness; I've broke all my bones; I've had my head cracked; I've had my jaws out of joint; I have a cough as loud as a shepherd's dog; I have a falling sickness; I have a complaint in my liver; I have a twist in the spine; I have a cure every spring and autumn, and scurvy fever every summer; I have enlargement of the heart, and disease of the kidneys, and elongated uvula, and lumbago every winter, and scurvy all the year. Jorgies! it's a marvel I don't die!"

But the marvel continued, and when twenty years or more were past, Tommy was still a walking catalogue of human woes. Every part of him seemed to go wrong except his heart. He was true to his only love, Susan Proddy; but Susan had left the village for a long time. She had married one Dolger, a miller from Wakefield, and had forgotten all about Tommy, the trifler, and his proposal of marriage had Tommy had never forgotten her. In the midst of his pains and diseases, his money was exhausted, the only bright thing that shone upon Tommy's darkened life.

He kept himself constantly informed of all her proceedings. When news came of her to the village, Tommy listened with more earnestness and interest than any one else; and once, when he was absent for five weeks, it began to be whispered that he had been making inquiries where Wakefield was, and how the journey to so distant a place might be accomplished; and shortly after that, a rumor came to Susan Proddy's mother, that a stranger had stopped the nurse, who was carrying Susan's child, and had kissed the baby and placed around its neck a gold chain and a ring, with a beautiful coronet on the seal, so that the mother flattered herself that the donor was a great lord, and argued prosperity to her daughter from so propitious an event. Tommy heard the report with great satisfaction.

"Odds splutterkin!" he said, as he lay groaning on his bed with gout and rheumatism, in addition to *angina pectoris*, and spasms in the stomach. "If he had the nobleman's chain and ring, out o' mother's old purse, is so highly valued. Ah, Susan Proddy! the miller never loved thee as I did—and it's very hard that I can't expect to live but a few months, for I should like to see what comes o' thy fair child—the nurse called her Susan Proddy, which gave me palpitation of the heart. O, if I could live twenty years to learn what fortune befalls the darling Susan the second! but it ain't no use wishing. I shall be gone in three weeks."

(Concluded next week.)

Satire and Humor.

Douglas Jerrold's Wit.

Mr. Herod, the poet and lecturer, asked Jerrold, somewhat inopportunist, if he had read his "Descent into Hell."

"No," replied the dramatist; "but I should like to see it!"

This is a good illustration of Jerrold's irresistible tendency to witicism. He would rather lose a friend, or fifty per cent. of any man's estimation, than almost any respect, than miss the opportunity of perpetrating a genuine witicism.

At a supper party, a Scotchman and Englishman were disputing on the relative merits and demerits of James the First, (the sixth James of Scotland) and George the Fourth, and with so much earnestness that the whole company were constrained to be listeners. The persons waxed warm and somewhat indignant.

"Your royal James, indeed!—I could spit upon him!" exclaimed the indignant Englishman.

"And I would spit upon your worthless George!" retorted the Scotchman. Jerrold, who was among the unwilling listeners, then turned to one of the servants with—

"Water, spittoons for two!"

It is scarcely necessary to add that the uproarious laugh which greeted this bit of exquisite humor finally settled the dispute.

Spiritualism Befuddled.

The Spiritual Harbinger, a paper printed at Rochester, and advocating the spiritual rapping mania, has the following:

In the twelfth hour, the glory of God, the life of God, the Lord in God, the Holy Presence, shall crown the Triune Creator with the perfect discursive illumination. Then shall the Creation in fulgurance above the Divine scriptural arise into the dome of the disclosure in one comprehensive galaxy of supreme created beatitudes.

After the above paragraph, the Cayuga Chief responds as follows:—

Then shall the blockheads in the Jacksonville dome of discursive procedure above the all-fired featherfuzzings of Yester Nipponny-go, the Gooseberry Grind, rise into the dome of the disclosure, until co-equal and co-extensive and conglomerated luxuries in one comprehensive mux, shall assimilate into nothing and revolve like a bobtailed pussy-cat after the space where the tail was!

(Can the Harbinger understand our spiritual manifestations?)

LADY LAWYERS.—One of the female speakers at the Woman's Rights Convention, having stated that she was studying law with a view to practice, the New Bedford Mercury treats the subject thus humorously:

We wish the new Portia all possible success, though we cannot help thinking she would do better with a little "un" than Lytleton, and a cap than a capus. All women like a declaration, though most prefer another kind than in a writ. Still, our Blackstone in skirts may succeed wonderfully well in courtship, and win a silk gown in advance of all competitors. The only injustice is that rhetoric may be lightened, and rendered more heavenly by a pretty countenance, the present race of lawyers being by no means beautiful in the phiz. In that case, as Supplics fished the laurels from Pindar, not by force of her poetry, but by the fairness of her face, so Squire Nancy or Poll may carry off decisions from soft-hearted judges, when the law and the evidence are both on the side of long-nosed, ill-favored special pleaders in pantaloons.

The following sermon must have been preached by a brother of the good brother who "played on a harp of a thousand strings."

"My friends, sin makes the purest young man or woman in the world ugly-ah. And I'll tell you how I know-ah: As I was comin up to church to-day-ah, I saw some young men in the road-ah. And I thought one of them the purest young man I ever saw in my life-ah. And as I drew nigh up to them, I discovered they were playing av' marvels, and they all drew nigh unto a place they called tar-ah, and they marvelled-ah. And this pure young man was the last one to marvel-ah, and when he had marvelled-ah, he jumped up and flapped his hands like a rooster does his wings, and says he, 'I wish I may be d—d if I ain't fat-ah.' And I opened my mouth and spoke unto him thus-ah, says I, 'young man, this is not the way to salvation.' And says he, 'Old horse, if you had been salivated as bad as I have, you wouldn't want to hear talk of salvation.'"

And now my friends-ah, when that av' young man said he was fat-ah, he told a lie-ah, for he was as lean as that hungry-looking sister over there, that's always prayin so pious while the fat is bing passed around-ah.

And my friends, if that av' young man had never been blinded by sin, he never could have mistaken me for an old horse-ah.

A gentleman, whiskered up to the very eyes, was passing along the street, when a couple of jolly tars on a land cruise observed him. "Shiver my timbers, Jack," said one to the other, "that fellow looks like a rat peeping out of a bunch of oskum."

Lord Bacon tells of his father, Sir Nicholas, that when appointed a judge on the Northern Circuit, "He was by one of the malefactors mightily importuned for to save his life; which when nothing he said did avail, he at length desired his money on account of his kindred."

"Prithiv," said my Lord Justice, "how came that in?" "Why, if it please you, my Lord, your name is Bacon and mine Hog, and in all ages Hog and Bacon have been so near kindred that they are not to be separated." "Ay, but," replied Lord Bacon, "you and I cannot be kindred, except you be hanged; for Hog is not Bacon until it is well hanged."

AN ECONOMICAL IDEA.—An Irishman who had commenced building a wall round his lot of rather uncommon dimensions, viz four feet high and six feet thick, was asked the object by a friend. "To save repairs, my honey—Don't you see that if it ever falls down, it will be higher than it is now?"

Ludicrous Effects of the Appearance of a Comet in 1712.

As everybody is on the qui vive in regard to the comet, and as all sorts of ideas are "around" in regard to it, we give the following amusing sketch gleaned from an old paper:—In the year of 1712, Mr. Whiston, having calculated the return of a comet which was to make its appearance on Wednesday, the 14th of October, at five minutes after five in the morning, gave notice to the public accordingly with the terrifying addition, that a total dissolution of the world by fire was to take place on the Friday following. The reputation Mr. Whiston had long maintained in England, both as a divine and a philosopher, left little or no doubt with the populace of the truth of his prediction. Several ludicrous events took place. A number of persons in and about London seized all the barrels and boats they could lay their hands on in the Thames, very rationally concluding, that when the conflagration took place there would be the most safety on the water. A gentleman who had neglected family prayer for better than five years, informed his wife that it was his determination to resume that headless practice the same evening; but his wife having engaged a ball at her house, persuaded her husband to put it off till she saw whether the comet appeared or not. "The South Sea Stock immediately fell to 5 per cent, and the India to 11, and the captain of a Dutch ship threw all his powder into the river, that the ship might not be endangered."

The next morning, however, the comet appeared according to the predictions, and before noon the belief was universal that the Day of Judgment was at hand. About this time 323 clergymen were ferried over to Lambeth, it was said, to petition that short prayer might be permitted and ordered, there being none in the Church service on that occasion. Three mails of horse burned their collection of novels and plays, and sent to the bookseller to buy each of them a Bible and Bishop Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying." The run upon the bank was so prodigious, that all hands were employed from morning till night in discounting notes and handing out specie. On Thursday, considerable more than 7,000 kept mistresses were legally married in the face of several congregations. And to crown the whole farce, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, head Director of the bank, issued orders to all the fire officers in London requesting them to keep a good look-out and have a particular eye on the Bank of England."

The Seizure of the Key to the Red Sea.

The last foreign news announces that the East India Company have taken possession of the Island of Perim. This act was one of those summary proceedings which are very much condemned by British statesmen and British newspapers when others than their own people are guilty of them, but which are always justified by the motive. A British ship was wrecked and pillaged by the natives. The East India Company, believing that the authority existing on the Island was insufficient to give protection to shipwrecked seamen, took possession of the Island and has placed a garrison there. Commercial policy of stronger motive probably was the real inducement to this act. There is a strong probability that the Isthmus of Suez will be opened by a canal. The project has been talked of and the calculations and estimates made. The Red Sea will then be the commercial highway between Europe and Asia. Perim commands this highway, and no vessel can pass without the permission of those who possess it. It is situated between Arabia and Africa, on the very point at which the Red Sea commences, and it divides the strait into two channels. The passage to the east, on the side of Arabia, is only three miles wide; that to the west, on the African side, is about ten or twelve. On the southwest, towards the widest entrance of the strait, the island forms one of the finest ports imaginable. It is a mile in length, and half a mile in breadth, and the depth varies from 7 to 25 fathoms. The anchorage is excellent, the entrance is perfectly sheltered and it is no exaggeration to say that 40 ships of the line might easily anchor there in smooth water, 100 yards from the shore. A few ships of war stationed there will be sufficient hermetically to close the entrance to the Red Sea. It is a sterile place itself, devoid of water, but Aden is at hand, where necessary supplies can be had. A detachment of artillery of the Indian army has been stationed at Perim provisionally. A temporary arsenal and fortifications have been erected, and supplies of all descriptions have been brought from Aden, for the garrison which is to occupy that desolate station.—*Public Ledger.*

same moment a gun was pointed at Bill Hart by another person, when Taylor exclaimed, "he has shot me, let me shoot him!" and fired. Both fell. Citizens commenced rushing in, well armed, as well as many of the desperadoes, and the shooting became general. The gang of rowdies broke from the room by a back door; many of them who came up after the melee commenced, fled—finding that they were coming to those quarters.

By this time, at least some three hundred citizens had collected, all well armed—for it was well known that this gang of rowdies could have at their command seventy-five or a hundred men within fifteen minutes. Many of them came in sight, but very wisely withdrew. Five persons were killed, two citizens and three of the desperadoes. Taylor may recover.

Death of Douglas Jerrold.

The last steamer brings intelligence of the sudden death of Douglas Jerrold. His illness was short, and he breathed his last, June the 8th, in the arms of his eldest son, retaining his intellect until within a few moments of his death. He was born on the 3d of January 1803. His father was manager of the Sheerness theater. His first expressed passion was for the sea, and he obtained a midshipman's appointment, but with the war with France ended his nautical career, and he was apprenticed to a printer. While an apprentice he was a hard student of Shakespeare. The London Times says:—An essay on the works of *Deo Proschius*, which he dropped into the editorial box of a newspaper, in which he was employed as a compositor, is the reported beginning of his literary labors. To his infinite delight, his own anonymous "copy" was handed over to him to put in type, and shortly afterwards appeared in an editorial notice soliciting other contributions from the unknown correspondent.

Among his dramas known to the public are—"Rent Day," "Black Eyed Susan," "Nell Gwynne," "The Housekeeper," "Time Works Wonders," "The Bubbles of a Day," etc. The papers which he published under the title of "Cakes and Ale," and the "Candle Lectures," are famous. The London Times says of these lectures:

At the time when these famous lectures were in course of publication, there was not a heepped husband in the United Kingdom who did not snatch up *Punch* every week to contemplate his own misfortunes *veluti in speculo*.

The Times says:—For the last few years Mr. Jerrold was chiefly occupied as the editor of Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper, and by the custom of the English press, his own individuality could no longer be expressed as distinctly as in his earlier works.

But there was one character in which Mr. Douglas Jerrold was always prominent, and that was as the social wit.

The sharpness of Mr. Jerrold's satire has caused many persons to attribute to him a character of misanthropic ill-nature, but never was a more egregious mistake committed. The large light-blue eye of Douglas Jerrold beamed nothing but benevolence, and to this expression the feeling of his heart fully responded.

The reading public, which knows celebrated men in black and white only, has lost a writer who for epigrammatic brilliancy has never been excelled in our language. But far deeper has been the loss of the circle of friends who delighted to spend whole evenings in catching the stream of wit as it flowed unimpeded from Jerrold's lips, and acquired for themselves a reflected glory by repeating "Jerrold's last." The wits of London have lost their acknowledged chief.

Desperate Fight with Robbers.

The San Antonio (Texas) papers of the 30th ult. are filled with the most exciting accounts of a recent dreadful encounter with a band of ruffians in that city, during which five persons were killed and one wounded. As our readers well know, there has been for a long time past a desperate gang of thieves, robbers, and house-breakers hanging about San Antonio, whose repeated villainies we have almost weekly recorded. On the night of the 26th, it seems, a horrible murder was committed but a few miles below the town. The wife of one Mr. Garza was killed in her own house by some seven or eight assassins, and the house then robbed of money and valuables. A reward of \$5000 was offered next morning for the apprehension of the murderers, and